THE

Weekly Comedy:

OR, THE

Humours of the AGE:

As Daily Acted in

Town and Country.

To be Continued every Friday.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Levy, *a Recruiting Officer.*	Venture, *a Merchant.*	Double, *a Time-ſerver.*
Hazard, *a Gameſter.*	Talley, *a Stock-Jobber.*	Bays, *a Poet.*
Bite, *a Sharper.*	Querpo, *a Quack.*	Log, *a Mariner.*
Prim, *a Beau.*	Trick, *a Lawyer.*	Harlem, *a News-writer.*
Blunt, *a Plain Dealer.*	Grim, *an Aſtrologer.*	Guzzle, *a Hard Drinker.*
Whim, *a Projector.*	Froth, *a Punſter.*	Bohee, *the Coffee-man.*

Note, That we ſhall change our Secene from Place to Place, and vary our Characters as occaſion ſhall require.

Friday October the 10th, 1707.

SCENE *A Coffee-Houſe continu'd.* Querpo, Blunt, Prim, *and* Harlem *remaining at a Table.*

Querpo. I Am apt to fancy, Mr. *Harlem*, that the Devil is as Buſie in *London*, as in any part of the Kingdom, notwithſtanding we have Gutted *Religion* as the *Iriſhman* did his *Oyſters*, and think to ſecure our ſelves by Creeping into the Shell.

Blunt. I muſt confeſs, a good Man would gueſs that the black *Chymiſt* makes this Town his principal *Laboratory*, or elſe ſo many Two Leg'd *Brutes* would not be Tempted to pervert the Laws of Nature by their filthy *Sodomy*, and then to Swing themſelves into the

Devil's Embraces to avoid Publick Infamy.

Harlem What ſignifies two or three Hundred *Profligates* in ſuch a *Righteous City?* I hope we have a great many Lots to ſave us from the Judgment of *Old Sodom.*

Querpo. You ſpeak as preſumptively as if you knew where to find 'em: As for my part, was I to go upon the ſearch, I believe I ſhould be as much puzzl'd as *Diogene* was in *Athens*, when he look'd for an Honeſt Man.

Prim. I proteſt, Gentlemen, I have ſuch a Qualm come over my Stomach, that I muſt beg your Pardon: I find this *Tobacco Air* does not at all agree with me. Pray Doctor don't forget me: Gentlemen your humble Servant.

Exit.

Omnes. Yours, Sir.

Blunt. This Effeminate *Tom-Doodle* of a Fop, looks as like a *Catamite* as if *Nature* had deſign'd him to gratifie the Amphibious *Luſt* of ſome double Dealing *Hermaphrodite.* What a Pox is the matter with him, he looks ſo Sneakingly?

Querpo. Aſk no Queſtions for Conſcience ſake. He is not well. *A Word to the Wiſe ought to be ſufficient.*

Harlem. He is a very Generous Gentleman, I am ſorry to ſee him ſo very much out of Order. I wiſh *Love's Dragon*, that often Lurks in the Garden of *Venus*, has not bit him by the Rudder of his Affections.

Blunt. May all ſuch vain Cox-combs be ſo ſerv'd, who have the Impudence to charge their Scandalous Intrigues upon Women of Honour and Quality, when their Vices and Debaucheries are only practis'd among *Chaucer's Semptreſſes*, and *Common-Strumpets.* But ſince he's gone, prithee let's have done with him.

Querpo. What is the meaning of all this noiſe of *Sodomy* about Town? Is there any Truth in it; or is it only a *White Fryars* Sham, to gull *Alley Goſſips* out of their Half-Pence, which their own poor Families want as much as the *Printers.*

Blunt. Who can queſtion the Truth of any Wickedneſs in this Exuberant Town? For my part, notwithſtanding all our External ſhews of *Piety* and *Reformation*, I believe there is no *Vice* but what, in ſpight of Religion, is in its higheſt Aſcendancy.

Harlem. I am of a quite different Opinion. *Religion*, in my time, never Flouriſh'd as at this preſent. We have as many *Churches* as ever, and thrice as many *Meeting-Houſes*, conſequently more *Preaching*; more *Praying*; more *Piety*; more *Vertue*; and more *Honeſty* amongſt us now, than ever has been known in any Age before us.

Querpo. If you put *Religion* in the Plural Number, and give an Eſtimate of our *Piety* by the diverſity of our *Opinions*, I muſt needs confeſs we abound with that Variety, which the moſt Refor.n'd Ages heretofore could never boaſt of. But if you Talk of *Honeſty*, *Vertue*, *Brotherly-Love*, and *Charity*, I think they are Bleſſings as hard now to be found as ever.

Blunt. I have often told you tho' I love the Practice of *Religion*, I hate to talk of it; for tho', like Fire in Cold Weather, it is a Comfortable thing in every Chriſtian Family, yet, if we offer to handle it, or approach too near it, we muſt expect no other than to be Scorch'd or Burnt.

Harlem. But, however, Mr. *Blunt*, we need not be ſo over cautious; a Man may talk of a *Lyon* without ſhaking him by the Whiſkers.

Querpo.

Querpo. Since *Pimps*, *Profligates*, and *Panders* turn *Reforming Agents*, and *Weavers*, *Coblers*, and *Taylors* become *Miniſters of the Goſpel*, methinks it ſhould be no ſuch Crime in a *Layman* to Peep a little into the preſent Circumſtances of *Religion*, eſpecially now it's made the Univerſal Topick of every good Wife's Tittle Tattle.

Blunt. Phyſicians, you know, Doctor, are generally accounted *Atheiſts*, therefore it is full as Prepoſtrous for a Man of your Faculty to talk about *Religion*, as 'tis for an arrant *Knave* to rattle about his *Honeſty*; therefore pray have done with it, or elſe tell me, in a few Words, what it is you would ſay of it.

Querpo. I acknowledge it the higheſt Obligation that can poſſibly be laid upon all Humane Society; yet, methinks, at preſent it ſeems to me like a ſpacious Plain in a dark Night full of abundance of Croſs-Roads, where, if a Man preſumes to Travel without a Guide, he will go near to be Bewildred. But when there are ſo many Pretenders to the right Path, with every one his *Holy Light* kindled at the ſame Fire, yet Wrangling about the ſafeſt way, pray how ſhall a Man do to know a Faithful *Guide* from a Deceitful *Jack-a-Lanthorn?*

Blunt. Prithee don't trouble me with a parcel of *Sceptical Notions.* If thou haſt Liv'd to theſe Years and know'ſt not how to diſtinguiſh a *Scholar* from a *Dunce*; a *Good Man* from a *Hipocrite*; and an *Orthodox Divine* from a *Whining Enthuſiaſtiſt*, I think you ought to be ſent to School again, and there Whipp'd till you are Wiſer.

Harlem. But really, Mr. *Blunt*, ſince ſuch diverſity of Paths Tempt us Dayly to be Straying, and the Devil takes ſuch care to keep his broad Coſſways ſo Sandy and Smooth for the eaſie Treading of a Sinner. It is no wonder that ſo many ſhould be Decoy'd to ſtep awry, ſince the right and the wrong are equally open to the choice of all Paſſengers.

Querpo. I find the Devil has not yet laid ſo many Stumbling-Blocks in the way of *Chriſtianity*, but he is putting another Spoke in the Wheel of *Religion*, in hopes to Confound his greateſt Enemy the *Church.*

Blunt. Prithee what's that? *Satan* I know has been very buſie of late; yet I queſtion not but that his utmoſt Efforts will prove at laſt but like Pelting *Snow balls* at the *Sun*, with a Malicious Intent to extinguiſh his Glory.

Querpo. I mean thoſe *New Jeſuitical Jugglers*, call'd *Camiſars*, who Travel about the Country to delude Ignorant Wretches, with their *Prophetical Epilepſies* and *Fantaſtical Revelations.*

Harl. Now you talk of thoſe *Enthuſiaſtical Gypſies*, or rather *Blaſphemous Impoſtors*, I can tell you a Story of 'em that will be ſome amuzement to you if you have not heard it.

Blunt. Prithee let's have it; for I love to hear how every new Embryon of Religious Madneſs thrives among the Frantick Zealots of this divided Kingdom.

Querpo. I believe, truly, there is not ſuch a Nurſery of wild Opinions in the whole Univerſe as our Bewitch'd Nation. But pray excuſe my Interruption, and let's have your Story.

Harlem. I hear the *Cammizars*, amongſt 'em, have got a Wench with Child, and carry her about in great Triumph, pretending ſhe has Conceiv'd by the *Holy-Spirit*, without the Knowledge of

Carnality,

Carnality; ſo that I ſuppoſe, in a little time we ſhall have ſome Young *Prophetical Impoſtor*, or *Counterfit Meſſiah*, Baſtardiz'd into the World, who is to declare ſome ſtrange Wonder as ſoon as Born, and to Propheſie in his Swadling Clouts to his own wicked Diſciples, who are to ſpread the Miracle, if the Law does not take care to ſtop their Mouths, and Puniſh all that are found to be Abettors in ſo vile a Blaſphemy.

Blunt. Bleſs us; what an Age do we live in, that Foreign Madmen, or elſe Deceitful Villans ſhould be ſuffer'd Publickly to Ridicule the very Fundamentals of Chriſtianity, in order to Diſtract the Common People in their Principles, and Delude poor Innocent Wretches to run Head-long to the Devil.

Querpo. I wonder ſome of the *Indian Gymnoſophiſts* don't come over hither, and Teach the People the Art of *Pawwawing*. It being a new way of Propheſying to our Giddy-brain'd *Enthuſiaſts*, it muſt certainly take; for they are apt to admire any ſtrange Novelty, eſpecially in *Religion*.

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